22/06/2020 Courting Death



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Chapter 1 by Adamanthea

I saw her once. I never knew Death was female, or maybe she is female because of I am a straight man. Maybe she looks male to those who are attracted to such. Regardless, Death was drop dead gorgeous. I saw her on a sad day, a day that I soon not forget.

It was raining. Drops of water sailed from the sky, only to smash down relentlessly on the ground. It was so rainy it was hard to even see. I suppose that's what called Death. I was walking down the highway, just a regular old hitchhiker with no home, and no responsibility. I walked along, just biding my time, wishing I had a roof over my head. I walked and counted the cars as they zoomed by me, not bothering to let me hitch.

CRASH!

Suddenly, two cars smashed into each other. I wasn't sure how it happened but it did. Twenty feet in front of me was the remnants of two cars. I rushed over to see if anyone was alive. I had no phone, but maybe I could fish one off the injured to call for help.

But I was not alone when I arrived.

She was standing there, looking at the cars. Her red hair was long and curly, all pushed to one side. She looked delicate, but her eyes looked of that of a wise women. Like she had lived a thousand years. In her hands were two ropes. She just stood there, looking at the mess. "Miss?" I asked. "Call 911, these people need help."

She looked at me. "No need, they are already saved from this cruel world." The rain began to fall harder, making it difficult to see the girl. "Death always grants her victims mercy."

I blinked a few times, and then looked at the car. I saw the driver, and his eyes were empty and open. Dead.

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